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## Go Gliste Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIII

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1869.

NO. 46

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And any one that will call and examine

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tream report for 1808, of Hon. William Baroes imperintends in the arm es Department, New York "It does not always follow, as is sometime appeared, that a purely Matual Company is the next profitable one to the insured; mixed company, or these medically matual, may, be uportion skill and other advantages, actually make the second of the control of th e largest divi en s -1 surpli a profits to policy

The National Life Insurance Company has poid up capital of \$13,000, thus ecution a al the selvantages of the Stock plan with the Purely Matual, sequence greaters of ty, with he seep no-then either restors singly.

CALL AND WINTER STYLES FOR 1868.

JUST RECEIVED. WM. SLADE,

Having just returned from New York, office or sale at Low Prices the largest and best assort-

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS ever brought into this County, Hats and Bouncts,—Latest Styles

Rithmes, Plames, Preuch Flowers, Laces, &c. DRESS & CLOAK TRIMM NGS Bullion Fringes and heading to match, Dess But-tens, silk and jet, Real Cluney Laces, Gerpare Laces, Thread Laces, Velvet Ribbons, &s.

I have this day received 25 dozen DUTCHESS KID GLOVES

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of Brenkrast Shawis, Jackete, Leggins, Saloas, Hoods, Children's Capes, Scatfa, &c. LADIES TRAVILLING BASKETS, in Zephyr Wors ets, WE CANNOT BE BEAT keeping the real Bergman, weighing 2 ourses to be pound more than any other brand. Ladies, don't forget that St. Ada's is the place to ge

REAL HAIR SWITCHES, to match all chades of hair; Hair Braids, Noffs, Pattle and Carle, Soape, Pertamery.

Thepe the Ladier will not forget that I keep conductive as hand. FANCY HEAD DRESSES AND DRESS CAPS All the above articles I offer Cheap for Caps and thanking the public for past favors I confic

Middlebury, Sept. 28, 1848. WM. SLADR

Select Poetry.

The Type Setter.

Writter on Searing a friend called "Calenter for a mere Type Setter," BY J. L. DATES.

A mere type setter ! -still a man The world, perchance, may well revore Unknown, unnoted, one who can Have nought to hope and nought to fear: vet, where's the kingly scoptered hand, The brow that wears a princely gem, That wields so well a wide comme Whose "sries" may match a diadem

A mere type setter?" Let us see: Who gave the glorious stripes to atr, That mark the banner of the free, And bound the stars that glimmer there? Who turned the bolt of heaven aside, And conquered its efficient fire? Who bade the lightning harmless glide Along his rangle wand of wire?

A more type setter!" Search the past, The records of each battle-field: Who malled our colors to the most, And died because they would not yield? Who taught our band to strike the blow, Through toil, and danger, and distress, That severed England's chain of wor-

'A more type setter!" Name of four, To bid the slave to freedom wake-That tyranny should quake to hear, And old oppression's empire shake! Is Franklin a forgotten name, That men no longer may revere? Has Prentice lost his soul of flame,

Or Greeley dropped his pen, of fear?

Who but the masters of the Press?

"A more type setter?" Homored many: That ages yet unborn may bless. When empires erumble, and their fame Has sunk in worse than nothingness; show me the things whose jeers deride The "mere type setter's " humble actual, And I'll show you an ape of pride, As braintess as the Dandy Fool!

## Mliscellann.

The Two Nephews.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, near Walton, on the Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be seventy, whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light and upright figure were in contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old mm; but in his eyes, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of selfconfidence, which age and suffering had

damped, but not extinguished.
No use looking any more, Mar, said he; 'neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dusk. Very the night. hard that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him, they don't come at once. The duty is simple in the alone, extreme - only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world is getting quite heartless!

OI sir,' said Mary,

'And what does 'O! sir,' mean !' said e. 'Do you think I shan't die? I know John end of Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner-to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives. Ugh! Give me a glass of the loctor's stuff

The girl poured some medicine in a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite, disgost managed to get it down.

'I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton,' If you would only try to be mean and said he, I don't by any means approve hard hearted,' said Mary; just a little of your O! sir, and Dear sir, and the rest to begin with. You would only stoop to 'I tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton,' of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called sir at all, Why, you couldn't be more respectable if you were a charity girl and I a beadle in gold-laced hat ! None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and disliks us ! ings.

\*My poor father often told me how you distiked ceremony,' said she, 'Your poor father told you quite right,

said Mr. Collett. 'Fred Sutton was a man of talent-a capital fellow. His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me-I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child-and it isn't every friend would do that."

'A kind and generous protector you path ! have been.'

Well, I don't know; I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent worldly advice about John Meade, and made John, myself quite disagreeable, and like a guar-Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

· Penniless indeed!' said Mary. Ab, there it is!' said Mr. Collett .-And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward ? But durest." that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews! Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one-

the thriving one? Peter Finch-conthem in his bedroom. They found him sidering he is an attorney -is a young man, He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he is paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvass forever, and not grow He's all for art and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and goodness knows what. Peter Finch will gether-the only difference is that patients

Meade as he trudges on foot !" The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch Meade.

' Enough, boys, enough! said he. 'Let me find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man health. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, but soap, candles, turpentine, black lead and for any things I know, you may be and brooms. It was a dreadful blow to a petted child of the aristocracy. He held rogues or fools." John Meade seemed rather to wince

under this address; but Peter Finch sat died last week, and his widow has writcalm and confident, this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no it! I'm afraid she don't deserve it, - black as a raven's wing, hung over his work, it seems, and he said he was stary-

ing. Well, I know something about the fellow, and I believe he only told the fellow to test rid truth; so I gave him a shilling to get rid of him Now I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shill ling? What claim had be on me? The value of his labor in the market is all a working man has a right to; and when his labor is of no value, why, then he must go to the devil, or wherever else he Ah, Peter! That's my philosophy

- what do you think !" · I quite agree with you. The value of their labors in the market is all that charity.

'Hear, hear!' said Collett 'You're well,' a clever fellow, Peter. Go on, my dear

boy, go on.' 'What results from charitable aid? continued Veter. 'The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is State robbery : private charity is publie wrong."

'That's it, said Mr. Collett, I don't beheve it, said John --

You were quite right to give the man a shilling; I'd have given him a shilling myself. O ! you would-would you ! said

Mr. Collett. 'You're very generous with of all orthodox political economy, you Vandat " Yes, said John, 'as the Vandals said Mr Collet. So you were trying flew in the face of Rome, and destayed to follow Peter Finch through Stony

what had become a fidschood and a nui-'Poor John?' said Mr. Collett, 'W' shall never make anything of him, Peter, Really, we'd better talk about some thing else. John, tell us about the last

new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bedtime, parted the uncle and nephews for Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the

next morning to speak with John Meade 'John,' said she, 'do think more of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent had night, and contradict Mr. Collett to shockingly! I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John you must be

more careful, or we shall never be mur-'Well, Mary, I'll do my best,' said A little more and there'll be an with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iccherg

> Mary. Thank heaven, you're not!" Mary, but an iceberg floats think of that, John, Remember, every time you offend Mr. Collett, your please Peter Finch.

'So I do,' said John, 'Yws, Pil remem ber that,"

conquer. May I gain my deserts then ! said John. 'Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary ! Are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for

'Ah! how indeed!' said Mary. 'But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming in the gate from his walk. I leave you together.' And so saying she with-

(What Mende !) said Peter' as he en tered, skulking indoors of a fine morning like this; I've been through all the village. Not an ugly place, but wants looking after sailly. Roads shamefully muddy; pigs allowed to walk on the foot-

'Dreadful!' said John 'I say, you came out pretty strong last night, said Peter, Quite defied the old

man. But I like your spirit.' 'I have no doubt you do,' thought 'O, when I was a youth I thought :

little that way myself, said Peter.

the world-the world, my dear sir, soon cures us all of romantic notions,-I regret of course, to see people misera-What can't be cured must be en 'Exactly so,' said John. Mr. Collett this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see

propped up on pillows, very weak, but in good spirits, as usual. 'Well, boys, said he, here I am see, brought to anchor at last, The doc tor will soon be bere, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. All humbug, my boys, l'atients can do as wel for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them; they're all in the dark toride in his carriage, and splash poor John grope in the English and the doctors in the Latin

> 'You are too skeptical,' said John 'Pooh!' said Mr. Collett, 'Let us

when another pull at the bell was heard, change the subject. I want your services; and Mr. John Meade was announced. Peter and John on a matter that concerns Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with your interests. I'm going to make my a queer sort of a smile while they made will to day, and I don't know how to speeches expressive of sorrow at the act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. nature of their visit. At last, stopping Emma disgraced us by marrying an oil

> 'An oil man!' said John. 'A vulgar, shocking man,' said Mr.

the family. Her poor grandfather never got over it. Well, Briggs, the old man, ten to me asking for assistance. Now I 'To put the case,' said Mr. Collett, have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What do you think of

> with her misfortunes?" 'My mind is quite made up,' said Peter Finch. 'No notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and uns worthy match-now let her bide the consecurences,

'Now for your opinion John,' said Mr. Collett.

'Upon my word, I think I must say the same,' said John Meade, bracing himself up boldly for the part of a worldly man. 'What right had she to marry ? as you observe with great justice, sir. Let her laborer, can pretend—all that they should have. Nothing acts more permi-ciously than the absurd support called 'Can't she carry on the oil man's business? I dare say it will support her very

'Why' no,' said Mr. Collett, 'Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

'That does not alter the question,' said Peter Finch. 'Let Briggs' family do something for her.'

'To be sure,' said Collett. Briggs family are the people to do something for her. She musn't expect anything from us-must she, John ? Destitute is she I' said John. With

children, too. Why that is another ease, sir. You surely ought to notice her, and assist her too. Confound it, your shillings. Would you fly in the face I am for letting her have the hundred a year. O, John, John! what a break down!

> Arabia, and turned back at the second step. John! keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways to very different men. Good-by, both of you. I have no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said. He pressed their hands, and they left

> speak next day, and in three days afterwards he calmly breathed his last, Asson as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business, who had always attended to Mr. Collett's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous anpearance of disinterestedness; and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breath'e , attention the

man of business read the following: I bequeath to my niece, Emmo Briggs, notwithstanling that she shocked shape. her family by marrying an oil man, the um of four thousand pounds, being falls persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could ever find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food or shelter, or

clothing. John Meade smiled, and Peter Finch ground his teeth -but in a quiet respecta

ble manner. The man of buisness went on with his

'Having always held the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being, and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own liv-ing, I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will the widow's cottage. enable her to marry, or remain single, as

she may prefer.' John Meade gave a prodigious start oper bearing this, Peter Finch ground his teeth again-but in a manner! ardly respectable Both, however, by a violent effort, kept

silent. The man of business went on with his

reading I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Meade, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy, and with an abhorence for what is base and false. As these temlencies are by no means such as can advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds-hoping that he will keep out of the work-houses, and he enabled to paint his great historical picture, which, as yet, he has only talked about.

'As for my other nephew, Peter Fineli, he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and is so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering aid which he does not require; yet from his affectionate uncle and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his gize to me.' mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law-books." How Peter Finch stormed, and called

names-how John Meade broke into a delirium of joy-how Mary Sutton cried first, and then cried and laughed together, -all these matters I shall not attempt to quences. Don't be alarmed. I'll take describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Meade, and her husband has actually bebringing actions on them, and drives upon the ground. about in his brougham already, -The schoolhouse on Turner's Island,

day School library in it was saved Loss

\$500 and not insured,

John Walton's Revenge. BY HORATIO ALGER JR.

'Be off from here, you little beggar !'

said Oscar Ronalds, imperiously. The speaker was a well-dressed boy of fourteen, and the words were addressed to a boy of about his own age and his sis-ter of eight. The contrast between their outward appearance was striking. Oscar was of light complexion and looked like a club in his hand, which it might be judged from his scowling face he would

not be unwilling to use. John Walton, who confronted him without fear, was a stouter boy than Os-car. His complexion was dark; his hair, What right had she to marry against the forehead. His clothing was coarse and Well, I know something about the advice of her friends? What have I to do well-worn, his pants were tucked up nearly to his knees, and shoes and stockings were luxuries which he had dispensed with,-His little sister, terrified by Oscar's rude manner, clung to her brother in affeight.

'Don't be seared of him, Lizzie,' said John. 'He won't dare to touch us,' 'Won't I though ?' said Oscar, clutch-

ing his stick tighter.

'Not if you know what is best for yourself,' said John, looking fixedly at 'You have no business here, you beg-

gar,' said Oscar, foriously. 'I am no beggar,' said the barefoot boy, proudly. 'This is my father's land. Can you

I know it is, and I suppose it will be yours some day.' 'Then why have you intruded here?'

deny that?' demanded Oscar.

I did not suppose it would do any harm to pick a few berries, which would otherwise decay on the vines," Then you know it now. I don't care for the berries, but don't want any

beggars' brats on my father's place." 'Step there, young master,' said John firmly. You called me a beggar, and I did not care much, but if you call my mother by that name, you'll be sor-

'H?' said Oscar, contemptuously. --'I'll beat you with that stick you hold

in your hand." 'Then I do call her a beggar,' said Osear, furiously. 'What are you going to

do about it ! 'You'll see.' John Walton let his sister's hand fall, and springing upon Oscar wrenched the stick from his hand, laid it over his back with sharp emphasis three times, and then

the room. The old man was too weak to flung it into the pool near by. Leaving his young enemy prostrate, he took his terrified sister by the hand, and saying, 'We'll go home, now, Lizzie,'

walked quietly away.
Oscar picked himself up mortified and furious. He would have pursued John and wreaked instant vengence upon him if he had dared, but in the hands of the young savage, as he mentally character ized him, he had felt his own atter inability to cope with him, and resolved that vengance should come in another

'My father shall turn the beggars out e and home, he muttered, 'I wish

they might storve.' The father of Oscar Ronalds was the proprietor of a handsome house and large landed estate, including several tenements which he rented out. In the poorest of these lived John Walton and his mother. They lived poorly enough, how it would be hard to fell, but at all events they lived,

and never sought help.
When John told the story of his encounter to his mother, she was disturbed, fearing that trouble might come of it, So, indeed, it did,

The next morning Squire Ronalds, with his stiff, erect figure, was seen approaching Mrs. Walton opened the door. Wont you come in, Squire Ronalds,'

'No mulam, I have but a word to say, and that is soon said. Are you aware that your boy grossly insulted my son Oscar vesterday \*He told me that Ose is called me names,

she said nervously.

and he knecked him down, He has a insty temper.' 'Your son is a ruffian, ma'am.' Not so bad as that. He is a good boy

o me, Squire Ronalds, 'It is a pity he cannot treat others with roper respect. Do you think he was wholly to blame? \*Certainly he was. My son caught him trespassing on my land, and very properly ordered him off. I don't care to argue the matter. It he will apolo-

require you to leave this tenement. John who had been inside and heard what had been said, came forward, looking resolute and self-sustained. \*I shall not apologize to Master Oscar, sir, he said, \*It is he who should apolos

gize to Oscar, I will let it pass, Other-

wise, as your month's up to day, I shall

Apologize to you! That would look well, would it not ! said the Squire scorn fully 'It would be right,' said John firmly. You are an impudent young rascal.'
'Mother,' said John quietly, 'there is
no use listening further. I shall not apol-

care of you.' 'You must leave this house to-merrow, gun the great historical picture. Peter roared Squire Ronalds, in a very undig-Finch has taken to discounting bills and nifled rage, stamping his gold-headed cane

ogize, and am ready to take the conse-

Very well, said John, Good day, sir,' and closed the door, leaving the Squire under a vague impression that he had got the worst of the encounter. near Portland, was entirely destroyed by What shall we do, John ?' said Mrs. tire on Sunday morning last. The Sun-

Walton dismally. 'I'll tell you, mother,' said John,-

There is nothing for me to do here. We'll go to Brandon, where there are woolen mills. Then I can get a chance

to work, and I'll rise, never fear. It is best for us to go.

The next day Mrs, Walton's tenement was empty, and no one knew where the family had gone. Oscar exulted in what he regarded as his triumph.

Twenty years passed. To the barefoot-

ed boy they brought wonderful changes. At twenty-four he found himself superintendent of the mill where he had entered as a poor operative, earning a salary of five thousand dollars a year. He had built a handsome house, over which his mother presided with matronly dignity, His sister Lizzie was the wife of a young physician in successful practice in the same

in a luxuriously furnished room, before a glorious fire. His sister had come to spend the afternoon, but was prevented by the violent storm from returning to her own

What a storm it is!' she exclaimed, wondering. 'I pity those who are out in

must be two feet deep at least. But we need not feel troubled. It is summer indoors.

were poorly off,"

thing we came to Brandon." 'So it has turned out. But I was alarmed when you quarreled with young

'I have forgiven him. The harm he intended has only done us good.' Have you heard anything of him late.

extravagant. That is all.' The storm increased in violence, shaking the house, firm and strong as it

vant may not be able to close the door again. He opened the front door, and a

It was a man who spoke, still young. He stopped in quite exhausted John

bone.

He perceived that the stranger had no overcoat and appeared thoroughly chilled. Warm drinks were ordred, and in half an hour he was more comfortable. He looked thin and haggard, and his face

bore the impress of dissipation. He had more than once looked earn

face looks familiar." 'My name is John Walton.' 'What!' said the other with a start.

Yes, but I don't remember you." 'I am Oscar Ronalds,' said the other. is a low voice. 'Is it possible?' exclaimed the three, and they involuntarily glanced at the ill

I have gone down hill-you have gone

'I am sorry for your misfortunes,' said John, kindly. 'If I can be of service to you, I will. 'I came here, hoping to get the post of clerk, which I understood was vacant. If I had known you were here, I would not

eight hundred dollars,' It will be a fortune to me, who am penniless. God bless you, John Walton, for your generosity. You shall not find your confidence ill-bestowed," I have no more to tell, except that then

venge, the only one worth taking for an Why Boilers sometimes Explode.-The Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection Company publish a startling summary of the inspections of boilers made by them during last month. The report throws light on the causes of boiler explosions and seems to give ground for the belief

aspection were made, 311 boilers exams ned externally, 70 internally, 34 tested by hydraulic pressure. In these boilers 168 defects were discovered, 32 being sources of special danger. Among them were 6 furnaces out of shape, 13 fractures—3 dangerous, 6 burned plates 24 blistered— 7 dangerous, 31 cases of incrustation, &c. Oue boiler was blistered so that the Inpector pushed his finger through the shell, after cutting off the blister One boiler was so badly burnt, blistered, eracked, &c., as to give entirely under pressure.

bounties for killing lynxes and bears,

box at the post office in Farmington, Me ... a few nights since, and in the morning all the letters were frozen into a solid mass. -Little trials, when improved, become

great mercies.

One winter evening they were all scated

'Yes,' said her brother, 'it is the most violent storm of the year. The snow

Who would have thought, John, we should come to live in such comfort? said his mother. Twenty years ago we

I well remember it. It was a lucky

Oscar Ronalds.

'Not lately. His father died ten years since, and I am told that Oscar is very

was. All at once the door-bell rang sharply. 'I'll go myself,' said John. 'The ser-

sharp, cutting wind entered with a flurry 'Will you give me shelter?' said a faint

Walton closed the door, 'You have had a hard struggle with the storm, have you not ? he said.
I have indeed. I am chilled to the

'Come in to the fice,' and John threw open the door of the sitting room.

estly at John Walton. Finally he said abruptly: 'Will you tell me your name? Your

Did you live, when a boy, in the town of

clad stranger. 'I see what you are thinking of. I do not look much like the boy you used to know. I have been wild and extravagant, and lost and squandered all my property.

'And why ?" 'Because you cannot have forgotten my ill treatment of you." 'It is not forgotten, but quite forgiven,' said John Walton kindly. 'Unconscious ly you did me a service. The clerkship you seek is mine to bestow. You shall

bave it, and I will guarantee your good

conduct. The salary will be small-only

and there began a new and better life for Oscar, who was after a while promoted, and now has a modest but cheerful home of his own, with a good wife to add to his happiness. And this was John Wal-

ton's revenge-a noble and Christain re-

that some method of prevention might be contrived and carried out, "One hundred and eighty-two visits of

-Vermont paid \$367 last year in

-Some one poured water into the letter